

The Great Sarsaparilla Heist

By Cascade Bill Mooseker

Performed by Troop 24 at Camp Makualla Campfire 1999

Characters:

Narrator:	Peter Goodwin
Wild Bill Hiccup	Danny Stallings
Trader Dan	Robby Douglass
Melvis Preston	Roger Shively
Lilly	Joel Fuller
Lucy	Jon Ulberg
Walter A. "Butch" Casserole	Andrew Mooseker
"Red" Ryder, The Sunburnt Kid	Eric Walkingshaw
Donny Ringo	Chip Walker
Long Arrow	Kyle Meissner
Little Beaver	Shelby Stong
Panicked Cowboy	Bobby Hinnenkamp
Chorus	Riders of the Purple Sage

Chorus Enters:

Tumbling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds....

See them rolling along
Pledging their love with a song.
Here on the range I belong
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Narrator Enters

Chorus Hums... then fades out.

Narrator: The year is 1895. The place is central Oregon... The town is Crescent City. Its a booming place due to the weekly Henry Weinhard Sarsaparilla run over Willamette Pass. In Crescent City, there was a fella by the name of William A. Hiccup. At least that was the handle his parents laid on him, but he never had much use for it. He was known to one and all as "Wild Bill" and he was the only law in Crescent City. I only mention it only because sometimes there's a man, I won't say a hero, cuz what's a hero anyway? But sometimes there's a man, and I'm talking about Wild Bill here, who, well, he's the man for his time and place. And Wild Bill, like many other old time lawmen, liked the ladies and Henry Weinhard's Sarsaparilla. Most nights, he could be found down at his favorite watering hole, Trader Dan's. But sometimes there's a man, Sometimes... there's a man, aw shucks, I lost my train of thought here, but, dog gone it , I done innerduced him enuff...

Chorus: tumbling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds...

(Enter Wild Bill, Trader Dan, Lilly, Lucy, cowboys, etc..)

Wild Bill: I feel lucky tonight. Trader Dan, I need another Sarsaparilla.

Trader Dan: Coming up Wild Bill

Wild Bill: Lilly will you rub my back, and Lucy will you sit in my lap. Ahhh!, girls, you know what I like!

Lucy: Oh, Bill, you're the greatest!

Trader Dan: (comes up looking worried) Ehh Bill, I'm afraid we're out of your favorite brand but we're expecting another shipment any day now. The only thing we got left is our local brand, Makualla Mud.

Wild Bill: Sufferin succatash! What's the world coming to. That stuff looks like dishwater and tastes like it too. Do you have any decent entertainment, at least.

Trader Dan: Well, we do have a new act up out of Medford - a singing cowboy by the name of Melvis Preston.

Wild Bill: Well, let's hear him then.

Girls: (Giggle, croon over Bill)

Trader Dan: Ladies and Gentlemen! For your entertainment tonight, Trader Dan's is pleased to present direct from the "Bland Old Opry" in Medford, the one, the only, the king of pots and bedrolls, MELLLLLVISSS Preston!

Melvis Preston: (Enters) Thank ya, Thank ya very much! I have a little number here that I would like to dedicate to all you sweet young thangs in the audience, tonight.

Baby let me be your lovin' Teddy Bear
Put a chain around my neck and lead me anywhere
Oh let me be (oh let him be).. Your teddy bear
I don't wanna be a tiger... 'cause tigers play too rough
I don't wanna be a lion... 'cause lions ain't the kind you love enough
Just wanna be your Teddy Bear
Oh let me be (oh let him be).. Your teddy bear
Thank you, thank you very much! (Leaves)

Wild Bill: I don't know girls, but I kinda think he is ahead of his time.

Lucy: Oh, Bill, you're the best.

Scene 2:

Chorus: Tumbling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds...

See them rolling along
Pledging their love with a song.
Here on the range I belong
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Narrator: Even in the best of times a little rain must fall and although Wild Bill thought he had the world by the tail, a dark cloud was about to fall across Bill's world in the form of his old nemesis, the Hole in the Pocket Gang, none other than those notorious desperadoes, Walter H. "Butch" Casserole, Red Ryder - the Sunburnt Kid, and Donny Ringo.

Chorus: Tumbling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds...

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(Enter Walter and Red, followed by Donny)

Donny (Catching up to the others) I'm Hoofing it tonight!

Walter: This was a valued sarsaparilla here... (clears throat).. this was a uh

Red: Yeah, man, and it really tied the meal together.

Walter: This was a valued ...

Donny: What tied the meal together, Red?

Walter: Were you listening to Red's story, Donny?

Donny: No, I was back there riding down the trail.

Walter: So, you have no frame of reference. You're like a child who wanders into the middle of a rodeo and asks "Who's riding the bull?".

Red: What's your point, Walter?

Walter: There's no doggone reason! --here's my point, Red -- there's no doggone reason.-

Donny: Yeah, Walter, What's your point?

Walter: Huh?

Red: What's the point of, We all know who is at fault here, so what the heck are you talking about?

Walter: Huh? No! What the heck are we talking about? I'm not – were talking about unchecked aggression here... across this line you do not..

Donny: What is he talking about?

Red: My sarsaparilla.

Walter: Forget it, Donny, your out of your element...

Red: Yeah, and now everyone in the whole county knows that Wild Bill spit in my sarsaparilla.

Walter: What? That Pompous Fathead! Strutting all over town bragging that he spit in your sarsaparilla.

Red: Yeah, it's a bummer.

Walter: That Pompous Fathead! I didn't watch my buddies die face down in the mud at Bull Run so this moron, this pompous fathead can brag that he spit in your sarsaparilla.

Red: Calm down, Walter.

Walter: I'm calmer than you are, Red.

Red: Walter, you're just a meathead!

Walter: Calmer than you are!

Red: And what does Bull Run have to do with it? Where's the connection?

Walter: Well, there's no literal connection.

Red: Face it. Walter, there's no connection at all!

Donny: Were the Sarsaparilla spitters at Bull Run, Red?

Walter: Shut up, Donny. You're out of your element.

How are ya going to get even, Red

Red: I was thinking that we could hijack the next sarsaparilla shipment coming over the pass and make our getaway over by Crescent Lake.

Walter: I kinda like that idea about grabbing the shipment, Red. Crescent City will rue the day that Wild Bill Hiccup spit in your Sarsaparilla and dared to brag about it.

(all ride offstage)

Scene 3:

Chorus: Tumbling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds....

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Narrator: Well it looks like Crescent City is in for a little surprise. Will Wild Bill pay for spitting in Red's sarsaparilla? Will Donny get any respect? Will the shipment make it to Crescent City or will they have to make do with Makualla Mud? Only time will tell. Meanwhile, lets join Wild Bill down at Trader Dan's:

Chorus: Tumbling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds....

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Wild Bill: Dan, we need that shipment. The whole town is almost dry. If I have to drink another bottle of Makualla Mud, I'm just going to throw up!

Trader Dan: Bill, I expect that shipment any day now. I can't help it that the steam engine on the ferry boat broke down, but they should have that fixed today.

Cowboy: WiLLLLd BILLLLL! WILLLED BILLLLLL! (runs in breathless) The Hole in the Pocket Gang just Hijacked the Sarsaparilla shipment over on the Pass, Bill. Bill, they (sobs) got ... the... whole...thing! (sobs) You gotta get it back, Bill.

Lucy: I know you can do it, Wild Bill!

Lilly: We're counting on you, Bill!

Trader Dan: We could become a ghost town, Bill!

Wild Bill: Don't worry folks. I'm going to ride out to the reservation and get Long Arrow and Little Beaver. If anyone can track those desperadoes, they can.
(All Leave)

Scene 4:

Chorus: Tumbling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds....

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Narrator: Things look kinda bleak for Crescent City, don't they? How long can a man drink nothing but Makualla Mud anyway? Will the Hole in the Pocket Gang get away with this dastardly deed? Will Wild Bill and his faithful Indian companions be able to track down and apprehend them? Let's join Wild Bill, Long Arrow, and Little Beaver on the trail and see what happens.

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(Wild Bill, Long Arrow, and Little Beaver ride in)

Wild Bill: Hold up a minute, Long Arrow, I need a break?

Long Arrow: O.K., Kemo Sabe. Little Beaver, Big Chief Need Take Break
(Shows Little Beaver in sign language that W.B. needs to take a leak)

Little Beaver : (sign language - me too)

(all go over and stand backs to audience)

Wild Bill: Boys, it don't get any better than this. That lake is shore purty. But boy that water sure is cold!

Long Arrow: Yeah, boss, and it's deep too!

Little Beaver: (sign language - feet stuck in mud - pats butt)

Long Arrow: Little Beaver say bottom muddy too!

Wild Bill: Well, compadres, we better hit the trail if we ever want to catch up to those desperadoes.

Long Arrow: O.K., Kemo Sabe (sign language to Little Beaver - let's go)

Little Beaver: (sign language - O.K.)

(they ride around stage)

Long Arrow: Hold up, Kemo Sabe - Something on trail. (signs Little Beaver to look at object on trail. Little Beaver and Long Arrow inspect object. Wild Bill takes a closer look.)

Wild Bill: why that's just a horse turd!

Long Arrow: Can tell many things from horse turd, Kemo Sabe. If still warm then horse go by not long time ago. If droppings spread out then horse running. If dry and mashed out then horse go by many moons ago.

Wild Bill: O.K.! O.K.! Just tell me if we are on their trail?

Little Beaver (Signs to Long Arrow)

Long Arrow: No Dice, Boss, them just moose turds!

(all ride around and off stage.)

Scene 5:

Chorus: Tumbling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds...

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Narrator: Well, Wild Bill and his faithful Indian companions rode all day and all night but the trail was cold. In fact, the Hole in the Pocket Gang was never heard from again. When the Dr. Pepsi Bottling Co. of St. Louis was hit for 3 truckloads of soda pop in 1908 there was some speculation that the Hole in the Pocket Gang had come out of retirement, but it was never proven.

After the Big Sarsaparilla Heist, Henry Weinhard canceled the weekly run over Willamette Pass and shipped everything by way of Medford. Crescent City became a virtual ghost town. All that is left today are a few bait shops and a scout camp built on the site of the old Makualla Mud bottling plant.

Wild Bill, moved to Medford, a broken man, where he opened up a trading post and drank up all the profits. (Wild Bill comes in drunk and falling down) - and nobody called him Wild Bill, anymore.

Long Arrow went on to fame and fortune as a star in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. (comes in and shoots arrow to the heavens)

But maybe, Little Beaver, was the luckiest of all as he always had luck with the ladies. (comes in carrying , Lucy who says: Oh, Little Beaver, you're the best!)

Narrator: What did happen to the Hole in the Pocket Gang? At the tender age of 34, Donny Ringo died of a heart attack (Donny comes in and dies)

Walter H. "Butch" Casserole and his Partner, Red - the Sunburnt Kid moved to California where they later formed the first Southern California Bowling league. (Walter and Red enter dressed in bowling shirts)

Walter: Just stick it, Red. Let's go Bowling.

(all exit including chorus singing)

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